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EDITED BY SYLVANUS PER-SE.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Editor wiſhes, that thoſe correſpondents, who find their communications admitted, would always underſtand, that his ſincere gratitude for their favours, will be ever implied by his acceptation.

The Eſſay, entitled "THE MORAL EFFECTS OF A WELL MANAGED THEATRE," by Euripides, *is a judicious and elegant performance; but the liberty however of reſerving its publication, for a few months, is reſpectfully ſolicited.*

The author of what he terms, "Heraldric Mottos *for the preſent Dramatic Company in Boſton.—No. I." may ſpare himſelf the trouble of continuing his ſubject. Many of his* Mottos *are inappropriate, and ſcandalous.*

Theatrical Criticiſms *muſt be deferred, till the contemplated enlargement of this publication is effected.*

The poetical trifles of "Xerxes," *and of* "Heſper," *are too rude to gain a welcome reception.*

THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY,

FOR

JANUARY, 1804.

IN the following thoughts, an old friend is with pleaſure recognized, whoſe odd combination of gravity and vivacity is calculated to make one half of the world rail at his hiſtory, and the other half cenſure his levity. In this eſſay, he has united the "*utile cum dulci;*" and if ſome object to the humour, and others, to the ſeverity of his remarks, all muſt unite in attributing them to the beſt feelings of the human heart.

THE EDITOR.

FOR THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

THOUGHTS ON DRESS.

PERHAPS no ſubject has occupied more attention, than *dreſs*. It is an end, which we propoſe in almoſt all our labours. Dreſs has ſtimulated ingenuity to the greateſt variety of inventions. The vanity of the world keeps the world in motion. Dreſs ſpreads the ſail, and opens the furrow. Dreſs is the pride of the infant in the lap, and of the over-grown child of thirty. Dreſs is the darling toy of the fair, and the chief accompliſhment of the ſoldier. It calls into exerciſe the taſte of mankind. Take away dreſs, and poliſhed circles would have no ſubjects for criticiſm. The beauties of the age would ſink into lifeleſs indifference. The buſy would be reduced to idleneſs, and fools would return to inſignificance. Spring-ſhips and Fall-ſhips would ſail without the prayer, which is now breathed from a thouſand gentle lips, for their ſucceſs. The amuſement of ſhopping, that relief of tedioufneſs, would be ſuſpended, and the heavy hours would wear away without one enlivening incident.

In writing on dreſs, it is neceſſary to proceed with caution. The manufacturer, the merchant, the ſtateſman, all are intereſted in this weighty ſubject. Dreſs influences the cabinet of policy, as well as the toilet of beauty. The proſperity of nations is

connected with a paſſion for dreſs. England could not fight her battles without her broadcloths, nor France chain her enemies without her laces.

It is a ground of conſolation to the politician, that the ſpleen of moraliſts cannot affect the ſtate of ſociety. They may rail and ſneer; but the vain heart will ſtill beat high for ornament; the fair will ſtill ſeek to become more fair; and they who want underſtanding will ſtrive to compenſate the deficiency by outward ſhow. Man ever has been, and ever will be a ſuperficial being, contented with his trappings, and pleaſed with himſelf on account of the labours of the ſilk-worm.

It is however to be hoped, that there are ſome, whoſe obſervations on man have extended beyond the diſcovery of this eſſential property, "that he is capable of wearing clothes." It is to be hoped, there are ſome, who can conceive that the human head may be improved for a higher end, than to ſerve as a ſubſtratum for a hat or a bonnet. I do not wiſh to ſhock the age by venting abſurdities. I do not wiſh to ſubvert that foundation of all human knowledge, experience. I grant, that when a part has for time immemorial been applied to a particular uſe, we may conclude with great probability, that it was deſigned for that very end. But without wiſhing to deny the right application of the human head, by the faſhionable world, I would ſuggeſt the poſſibility, that it may have been deſigned to anſwer ſome other purpoſe than that of ornament. To thoſe who know this purpoſe by experience, my obſervations may be intereſting.

Is it not ſtrange, that man can be vain of his attire? Does he wear fine clothes? Let him give the credit to the weaver and the tailor. Is man a moral, intelligent being; and ſhall he ſwell with no higher ambition than the peacock? Surely the fluttering fop, who places all excellence in the cut and quality of his coat, if he ever poſſeſſed, muſt have wholly loſt the dignity of human nature.

It is a mark of a little mind to ſeek diſtinction by dreſs. That man, who leaves no higher character, than this, behind him, that he wore fine clothes, is more contemptible than filth and raggedneſs could make him. That man, whoſe converſation does not make us forget his dreſs, is unfit for human ſociety.

It is the mind, which conſtitutes the dignity of man. The powers of the mind are vaſt and enlarging. It is capable of clear conceptions and elevated ſentiments. It can propoſe high ends and comprehend mighty ſchemes. To ſee this lofty mind dwindling to the dimenſions of a wardrobe, deliberating with anxious ſolemnity on the colour of a waiſtcoat, the relations of a cape, or the fitneſs of a ſhoe; this is humbling indeed;—I bluſh for the name of man.—The mind derives its complexion from the ſubjects of attention and meditation. The narrow ſouls of coxcombs are therefore incapable of any thing excellent or glorious. To ſhine with their butterfly robes in the eyes of the fair is all their ambition. To find admittance by tender aſſiduities to hearts as narrow as their own is all their care. Were they capable of thought I would adviſe them to think, that the richeſt robe cannot cover poverty of mind, nor ſplendid apparel hide a groveling ſoul.

This paſſion for dreſs has been called a trifling weakneſs. What! Is it nothing to caſt away reaſon, to degrade the ſoul? Is it nothing to ſacrifice moral powers and feelings, to blaſt the hope and promiſe of our nature? If man is endowed with mind and a capacity of perceiving excellence, then this love of dreſs is worſe than ſuicide, and bears ſad teſtimony to the debaſement of his heart.

What improvement might we anticipate, if the time, which is now waſted in contriving and preparing articles of dreſs, were applied to the cultivation of the heart and the underſtanding? Ye vain, would you indeed be adorned? Seek the ornaments of truth, of purity, of benevolence. Theſe will clothe you in unfading glory. Theſe will be in faſhion through eternity. Do you deſire to acquire and feel importance, when you mingle with the world? Believe me, there is a conſciouſneſs of honeſt undeſigning goodneſs, that inſpires a confidence, and an eaſe, which the gaudineſs of foppery can never attain.

I do not wiſh to exclude all ornament from dreſs. It is a duty we owe ſociety, to preſent a decent and agreeable appearance. Every power of pleaſing is a talent, which increaſes our influence, and the good will improve with care this mean of uſefulneſs. But ornament ſhould be ſparingly uſed. Where there is beauty, we more frequently conceal, than heighten it

by the decorations of art. Where there is deformity, we only make it more diſguſting by attempting to convert it into beauty. Utility is the baſis of ornament. A Corinthian pillar reared to ſupport a ſhed would excite diſguſt. Nothing ſhould be introduced into dreſs for the mere ſake of ornament. This is the taſte of ſavages.

The ends of dreſs are comfort and decency. When theſe are ſacrificed to ornament, we prove the corruption of our taſte. Dreſs, like the countenance, is an expreſſion of the ſoul. Simplicity of dreſs beſpeaks ſimplicity of character. Chaſte ornament marks the delicacy and purity of the mind.

The preſent age has improved in many reſpects on the cuſtoms of our fathers. We have ſhaken off many of the ſhackles of faſhion. But while we aſſert the liberty of dreſs, let us beware, leſt we become advocates of licentiouſneſs. Have we not reaſon to lament, that while we have dropped the ſtiffneſs and preciſion of our anceſtors, we have thrown off much of their decency? It is time to mourn, when men are called to bluſh for women, who forget to bluſh for themſelves. We pretend that we have eſcaped the infection of French principles; but we are dceceived. We have imported the worſt of French corruptions, the want of female delicacy. The fair and the innocent have borrowed from the lewd the arts of ſeduction. They have expoſed the chaſte boſom to the gaze of wantonneſs, and have ſpread ſnares in the ſteps of unwary youth.

We naturally look to the female ſex as the guardians of purity. We look to women, to chaſten our minds, to poliſh our roughneſs, to mould us into delicacy. They have an intereſt in ſupporting the awful majeſty of virtue, in repreſſing the licentiouſneſs of thought, as well as of action. They are by nature weak and defenceleſs. They are ſtrong only in their modeſt charms and chaſte deportment. They have a common cauſe to maintain; and on purity of manners all their influence is founded. I repeat it, women have no ſhield but unſullied purity. If they wiſh to maintain their ground, they muſt take the whole armour of ſpotleſs innocence and undeſigning modeſty.

A woman, who ſeeks to influence the paſſions, is loſt to the delicacy of her nature. She has ſtripped herſelf of the rights and glory of her ſex. What then muſt we ſay of ſome, whom

we daily obſerve, whoſe dreſs is ſtudiouſly deſigned to diſplay the female form ? Why do they tear off the veil of virgin modeſty ? Why ſolicit our gaze ? I will not charge them with the bare deſign of kindling a lawleſs flame. They will ſhudder at the ſuggeſtion. But I warn them of the neceſſary conſequence of the prevailing modes of dreſs. I ſolemnly call upon them, not to render ſocial intercourſe contaminating. I admoniſh them not to truſt to the purity of men. I aſſure them, that on the female ſex the hopes of the virtuous, and the beauty and dignity of ſociety depend.

It has been aſſerted by ſome philoſophers, that the ſentiments of delicacy are factitious, that nature needs no diſguiſe, that we have only to bring up our children without raiment, and they will never bluſh at nakedneſs. All this may be true ; but to us, who have aſſociated purity of character with the decencies of dreſs, ſuch reaſoning is unavailing. It would be dangerous for women to make the experiment. There is a charm thrown round a modeſt female. Let her not diſſolve it. There is a ſentiment of tender reſpect, with which we view her. It is a ſentiment too refined and delicate for the analyzing power of philoſophy. But on this ſubtle ſentiment the happineſs of the ſex is ſuſpended.

CATO.

For the Monthly Anthology.

On the Abſurdity of ſome Popular Opinions in Harvard College.

Mr. Per-se,

THE ſentiments of your late correſpondent over the ſignature of Philo-matheſis, appeared to me both applicable and juſt. Many judicious friends of our Univerſity have long lamented, that there ſhould be popular among the ſtudents opinions on genius ſo contracted, and ſo oppoſed to the true ſpirit of philoſophy.

I well recollect, that the ſame abſurd notions prevailed, when I was a member of that reſpectable ſeminary. If a perſon could ſcribble his exerciſes with great rapidity, though with ev-

er ſo little reflection; if he could divide an idea into a Johnſonian couplet or triplet, eſpecially if he could jingle in rhyme, though with equal diſregard to ſound and to ſenſe, he was generally and loudly extolled as an eminent genius. But the palm was the moſt readily aſſigned to him, who could beſt acquit himſelf before his inſtructors with the leaſt apparent ſtudy. Hence aroſe various competitions to gain by popular arts the reputation of a genius.

Some would endeavour to convince their fellow-ſtudents, that thoſe exerciſes, which obtained diſtinguiſhed applauſe, were written under peculiar diſadvantages; that they were interrupted by avocations, or compoſed in ſickneſs, or delayed to a period, which did not allow ſufficient time for mature reflection.

With the ſame end in view, it was uſual for others to aſpire after an elegant ſtyle. This was in their eſtimation totally incompatible with ſimplicity; nor did they commonly ſtop ſhort of "proſe run mad."

Others, to place their genius beyond diſpute, would inceſſantly court the muſes. They would take particular pains for ſecuring the *double mark* of the Engliſh Profeſſor to their poetical compoſitions. They would ſpout poetry in clubs. With borrowed ſignatures they would fill the poet's corner in newſpapers, and, at the ſame time, uſe every poſſible precaution not to remain unknown.

But the moſt ridiculous method to gain the applauſe of genius was to ſpend the day in diſſipation, and a greater part of the night in hard ſtudy. Several might be named, who cheriſhed this truly contemptible affectation. To their fellow-ſtudents they would wiſh to appear indolent; while with cloſed window-ſhutters they trimmed the midnight lamp over their claſſical authors. To aſſiſt the deluſion, they would pretend the next morning to know nothing of their leſſons; and thus aſtoniſh the claſs by their facility in reciting what coſt them no application.

It was alſo a common practice at the Univerſity, not many years ſince, to neglect ſeveral important ſtudies, leſt they ſhould prove detrimental to politer acquiſitions; or, in the language of Pope, leſt they ſhould "petrify a genius to a dunce." Hence to be fond of the Hebrew language rendered one's genius

ſuſpected; to be pleaſed with metaphyſics was ſuppoſed incompatible with true taſte; but to reliſh mathematics was a certain indication of a barren genius.

Againſt the ſtrong current of opinion few had the fortitude to ſtruggle. The abſtruſe ſciences were too generally neglected, and the lighter ſtudies purſued. Every one's talents were depreciated, who excelled only in the former; while thoſe, who made the greateſt proficiency in the latter, obtained the higheſt praiſe. So faſhionable were ſuch ſentiments, that a poet was once loudly applauded for expoſing to public contempt thoſe,

"Who read a Milton as they read a Pike."

To a liberal mind what can be more diſguſting than ſuch miſapplied ſatire? Admit that a perſon takes greater delight in mathematical ſtudies, than in any productions of fancy; will it follow that he poſſeſſes inferior talents? Muſt he for this reaſon be contented to bear the imputation of dulneſs? May he not, on the other hand, poſſeſs uncommon penetration? May he not be calculated to excel in ſeveral important branches of ſcience, though he peruſe poetry rather for the good ſenſe it contains, than for the brilliancy of its figures, or the harmony of its numbers? Suppoſe that his imagination is not exuberant, nor his invention ready; if his genius do not, like the poplar, ſpeedily grow to maturity, it may, like the majeſtic oak, ſlowly attain greater ſtrength, durability, and uſefulneſs.

The writer aforementioned repreſents the ſentiments here oppoſed as merely erroneous. He might as well have ſhown them to be highly injurious in their conſequences. For they naturally tend not only to diſcountenance ſome of the moſt uſeful ſtudies, but alſo to confer exalted merit on thoſe, who leaſt deſerve it.

They diſcountenance ſome of the moſt uſeful ſtudies. All, eſpecially youthful minds, are liable to be ſtrongly influenced by public opinion. Ambitious to excel, and "tremblingly alive" to reproach, with what difficulty will they be induced to purſue thoſe branches of ſcience, which have from any cauſe become unpopular? It muſt require a degree of independence, unuſual in the young, to proſecute inquiries, which are eſteemed by their aſſociates, as fit occupation only for the dull.

The opinions, I am conteſting, ſerve, in the next place, to confer exalted merit on thoſe, who leaſt deſerve it. They aſſign the meed of genius to perſons of ſhowy, though ſuperficial talents, and they refuſe it to the unaſſuming, though of vaſtly ſuperior powers and greater attainments.

But what is far worſe, they eventually tend not only to encourage, but to flatter the idle and the diſſipated. By aſſociating with the gay and the faſhionable world, theſe often acquire a gracefulneſs of manners and a facility at wit, which, united with a dauntleſs confidence, enable them to diſplay what little ſcience they collect to the beſt poſſible advantage. In the judgment of all, but the diſcerning few, they may greatly outſhine diſtinguiſhed ſcholars. For the latter by habits of retirement and cloſe reflection often contract a ſtiffneſs of manners and a heſitancy of expreſſion, which diſqualify them from readily exhibiting the knowledge they really poſſeſs.

Now, if the higheſt applauſes be conferred on thoſe, who principally confine their attention to the few popular branches, or what is worſe, if a ſtudent's talents be generally rated rather according to his imagined genius, than his actual attainments, how eſſentially muſt it injure the cauſe of general literature! How naturally will it promote that indolence of mind, which already finds too many allurements and palliations! Inſtances have not been wanting of thoſe, who, dreading the reputation of dulneſs, and ſeeking the ſhortlived applauſe of genius, have abandoned themſelves to all the extravagances of diſſipation and folly.

It is not pretended, that theſe ſtrictures apply in every particular, to the preſent ſtate of public opinion at Cambridge. The increaſing good habits of the ſtudents have of late been witneſſed by the beſt friends of the Univerſity with peculiar pleaſure, and it is ſincerely hoped, that they will continue the good work of reformation, till merit ſhall be impartially acknowledged, where merit is due, and till genius without application ſhall be eſteemed more truly diſgraceful, than pretenſions to learning without the reality.

STUDIOSUS.

FOR THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

EVENING ENTERTAINMENTS.—*No. I.*

MR. EDITOR,

BELIEVING it your object, not only to make men wiſer, but better, I wiſh through the medium of your publication to ſuggeſt ſome thoughts, which, I think, may conduce to the moral improvement of your readers.

To extend ſcience, and cultivate the uſeful arts among mankind, are objects, which are worthy our aſſiduity, and deſervedly ſecure applauſe; but I am always peculiarly pleaſed with that man, whoſe exertions are primarily directed at the melioration of the heart. Literary reſearches and works of refined imagination, are charming to lovers of ſcience and taſte. But as a very ſmall proportion of mankind can be benefited by elaborate inveſtigation and productions of fancy, we may diffuſe our exiſtence through a wider circle by accommodating ourſelves to ordinary capacities. This is an object, we ought never to keep out of view. The glory of talents and influence is to point the way for the ignorant and thoughtleſs. We are to regulate the vagaries of youth, and correct the follies of riper years. So long as dignity and worth of character reſult from virtue, it is more worthy of the attention of the philoſopher to make one good, than a thouſand great. While real excellence conſiſts in moral virtue, that greatneſs is only meanneſs in a ſplendid habit, which is unaccompanied with goodneſs.

I introduce myſelf, as one, who wiſhes to bring back from the broad road ſome deluded traveller. I wiſh to arreſt the attention of thoſe, who may have neglected the duties of ſober life, and meaſured their greatneſs by the ſtandard of human ſyſtems and faſhions. There is ſo much exhibited in men and manners, which wears only the aſpect of this world, that, I think, thoſe, who wiſh well to their fellow-men, cannot perform a more friendly office, than invite attention to ſober reflection. The occupations and circumſtances of the greateſt part in community render inconvenient the devotion of much time to ſerious purpoſes. To ſuch I more particularly addreſs myſelf, and ſhall endeavour to furniſh ſuch ſubjects, as may be attended

with edification in their leiſure hours. There are ſeaſons, in which all have opportunity for uſeful inquiries. The buſineſs of this world, I know, ought not to be omitted. Diligence is accompanied with many virtues, and prevents many vices. Policy would dictate the neceſſity of induſtry, if other motives did not exiſt. But we were made for both worlds, and by neglecting one, we neglect both.

Our evening hours are the moſt, the greateſt proportion of men can devote to the cultivation of the mind. This is a ſeaſon, when many circumſtances concur to lead us to profitable reflections. When the labours of the day are ſuſpended, and the tumult of buſineſs is over, the mind may be more collected and tranquil; and we may enjoy intercourſe with our friends without injury to other intereſts. When we conſider how theſe occaſions are commonly perverted by idle amuſements and ſinful indulgences, it will not be deemed impertinent and unintereſting to illuſtrate danger, and attempt correction. I am ſenſible the taſte of ſome will be againſt me. Moralizing is conſidered by ſome an old faſhioned amuſement. It is ſo oppoſed to their favourite purſuits, that it becomes irkſome. The taſte of men is ſo ſtrangely perverted, that thoughts of ſobriety and correct conduct are ſeldom cheriſhed. The grave ſentimentaliſt is charged with unneceſſary preciſion and auſterity, and as being more fit for the order of St. Francis, than the buſineſs of this world. I believe our danger is not in too much virtue and religion. I would equally diſclaim that enthuſiaſm, which is not tempered by ſober reaſon, with that coldneſs and verſatility, which make all principles equally true, and none uniformly operative. I conſider *real* religion the philoſopher's ſtone, which turns all things into gold. With it we are every thing, without it nothing.

Hoping that my exertions may contribute in ſome degree to the reformation of my fellow-men, I ſhall endeavour to expoſe in ſome future eſſays the errors of thoſe, whoſe evening entertainments are confined to vain and debaſing employments, and direct attention to ſuch, as may ſubſerve their preſent and future happineſs.

For the Monthly Anthology.

DESULTORY REMARKS

ON THE FINE ARTS IN THE UNITED STATES.

[*A continuation of thoſe in page* 51 *and* 52.]

IT is ardently expected by all the lovers of Virtu in America, that the youth of this country may be enabled to purſue their ſtudies to advantage under the patronage of the rich and powerful. There is more national honour accruing from the culture of the fine arts, than is commonly ſuppoſed. While we take a retroſpective view of the earlier ages, eſpecially of thoſe, in which Greece and Rome were flouriſhing in all their vernal glory, we find that much of the heroiſm, which was then ſo generally conſpicuous, was derived from their incitements to individual virtue. We all know that the higher order of families in Rome gained their importance from the great exploits of their anceſtors, and that thoſe exploits were perpetuated by ſtatues, and other inſtitutions of art, commemorative of their valour.

It would be a deſirable object, if the principal actions, in which General Washington was engaged, could be duly illuſtrated either by the painter, or the ſtatuary; and that the great ornaments, who have flouriſhed among us, and defended the cauſe of public virtue ſo ſtrenuouſly, could have their figures repreſented by the chiſel of an American artiſt to fill the *niches* of the *Capitol*. It is unqueſtionably in the magic of contemplated greatneſs to call forth emotions of honourable emulation in the boſom, which might not have had exiſtence, or, at leaſt, might not have had the ſame impelling energies, without the operation of ſuch a cauſe.

We preſume to think, that there is a degree of culpability, expreſſed by this nation, in their not giving a more general encouragement to the cultivation of the fine arts. That we poſſeſs genius, is clearly proved by thoſe illuſtrious painters, whom we have before mentioned. Why then ſhould not we, who are rich and mighty, give as ample maintainance to theſe refined sisters, as the ſmall States of Greece did, who had much ſmaller means for their ſupport? Perhaps it would be expedient for

our ſeveral States to have ſome prominent deed of glory, as achieved by a native, painted and placed in their LEGISLATIVE HALLS. Such a reſolution might effect wonders; and, by giving additional veneration to departed greatneſs, might lay a foundation for actions, that would importantly ſerve the Republic.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH
OF
WILLIAM GIFFORD, ESQ.

[Continued from page 70.]

ON mentioning my little plan to C——, he treated it with the utmoſt contempt; and told me in his turn, that as I had learned enough, and more than enough, at ſchool, he muſt be conſidered as having fairly diſcharged his duty, (ſo indeed he had); he added that he had been negotiating with his couſin, a ſhoemaker, of ſome reſpectability, who had liberally agreed to take me without a fee, as an apprentice. I was ſo ſhocked at this intelligence, that I did not remonſtrate; but went in ſullenneſs and ſilence to my new maſter, to whom I was ſoon after bound,* till I ſhould attain the age of twenty-one.

The family conſiſted of four journeymen, two ſons about my own age, and an apprentice ſomewhat older. In theſe there was nothing remarkable; but my maſter himſelf was the ſtrangeſt creature! He was a preſbyterian, whoſe reading was entirely confined to the ſmall tracts publiſhed on the Exeter Controverſy. As theſe (at leaſt his portion of them) were all on one ſide, he entertained no doubt of their infallibility, and being noiſy and diſputatious, was ſure to ſilence his opponents; and became in conſequence of it intolerably arrogant and conceited. He was not, however, indebted ſolely to his knowledge of the ſubject for his triumph. He was poſſeſſed of Fenning's Dictionary, and he made a moſt ſingular uſe of it. His cuſtom was to fix on any word in common uſe, and then to get by heart the

* My indenture, which now lies before me, is dated, 1ſt January, 1772.

ſynonim, or periphraſis, by which it was explained in the book; this he conſtantly ſubſtituted for the other, and as his opponents were commonly ignorant of his meaning, his victory was complete.

With ſuch a man I was not likely to add much to my ſtock of knowledge, ſmall as it was; and indeed nothing could be ſmaller. At this period, I had read nothing but a black letter romance called Pariſmus and Pariſmenus, and a few looſe Magazines, which my mother had brought from South Molton. The Bible, indeed, I was well acquainted with; it was the favourite ſtudy of my grandmother, and reading it frequently with her, had impreſſed it ſtrongly on my mind. Theſe then, with the imitation of Thomas ā Kempis, which I uſed to read to my mother on her death-bed, conſtituted the whole of my literary acquiſitions.

As I hated my new profeſſion with a perfect hatred, I made no progreſs in it; and was conſequently little regarded in the family, of which I ſunk by degrees into the common drudge. This did not much diſquiet me; for my ſpirits were now humbled. I did not however quite reſign the hope of one day ſucceeding Mr. Hugh Smerdon, and therefore ſecretly proſecuted my favourite ſtudy, at every interval of leiſure.

Theſe intervals were not very frequent, and when the uſe I made of them was found out, they were rendered ſtill leſs ſo. I could not gueſs the motives for this at firſt; but at length I diſcovered that my maſter deſtined his youngeſt ſon for the ſituation to which I aſpired.

I poſſeſſed at this time but one book in the world: it was a treatiſe on Algebra, given to me by a young woman, who had found it in a lodging houſe. I conſidered it as a treaſure; but it was a treaſure locked up: for it ſuppoſed the reader to be well acquainted with ſimple equation, and I knew nothing of the matter. My maſter's ſon had purchaſed Fenning's Introduction. This was preciſely what I wanted; but he carefully concealed it from me, and I was indebted to chance alone for ſtumbling upon his hiding place. I ſat up for the greateſt part of ſeveral nights ſucceſſively, and, before he ſuſpected that his treatiſe was diſcovered, had completely maſtered it. I could

now enter upon my own; and that carried me pretty far into the ſcience.

This was not done without difficulty. I had not a farthing on earth, nor a friend to give me one. Pen, ink and paper, therefore, (in deſpite of the flippant remark of Lord Orford) were, for the moſt part, as completely out of my reach, as a crown and ſceptre. There was indeed a reſource; but the utmoſt caution and ſecrecy were neceſſary in applying to it. I beat out pieces of leather as ſmooth as poſſible, and wrought my problems on them with a blunted awl; for the reſt, my memory was tenacious, and I could multiply and divide by it to a great extent.

Hitherto I had not ſo much as dreamt of poetry. Indeed I ſcarce knew it by name; and, whatever may be ſaid of the force of nature, I certainly never "liſped in numbers." I recollect the occaſion of my firſt attempt: It is, like all the reſt of my non-adventures, of ſo unimportant a nature, that I ſhould bluſh to call the attention of the idleſt reader to it, but for the reaſon alleged in the introductory paragraph. A perſon, whoſe name eſcapes me, had undertaken to paint a ſign for an ale-houſe. It was to be a lion, but the unfortunate artiſt produced a dog. On this awkward affair one of my acquaintance wrote a copy of what he called verſes. I liked it, but fancied I could compoſe ſomething more to the purpoſe. I tried, and by the unanimous ſuffrage of my ſhop-mates was allowed to have ſucceeded. Notwithſtanding this encouragement, I thought no more of verſe, till another occurrence, as trifling as the former, furniſhed me with a freſh ſubject: and ſo I went on, till I had gotten together about a dozen of them. Certainly nothing on earth was ever ſo deplorable. Such as they were, however, they were talked of in my little circle, and I was ſometimes invited to repeat them, even out of it. I never committed a line to paper for two reaſons: firſt, becauſe I had no paper; and ſecondly—Perhaps I might be excuſed from going farther. But in truth I was afraid; for my maſter had already threatened me, for inadvertently hitching the name of one of his cuſtomers into a rhyme.

The repetitions, of which I ſpeak, were always attended with applauſe, and ſometimes with favours more ſubſtantial. Little

collections were now and then made, and I have received ſixpence in an evening. To one, who had long lived in the abſolute want of money, ſuch a reſource ſeemed like a Peruvian mine. I furniſhed myſelf by degrees with paper, &c. and, what was of more importance, with books of geometry, and of the higher branches of algebra, which I cautiouſly concealed. Poetry even at this time was no amuſement of mine. It was ſubſervient to other purpoſes; and I only had recourſe to it, when I wanted money for my mathematical purſuits.

But the clouds were gathering faſt. My maſter's anger was raiſed to a terrible pitch by my indifference to his concerns, and ſtill more by the reports, which were daily brought to him of my preſumptuous attempts at verſification. I was required to give up my papers, and when I refuſed, my garret was ſearched, my little hoard of books diſcovered and removed, and all future repetitions prohibited in the ſtricteſt manner.

This was a ſevere ſtroke, and I felt it moſt ſenſibly. It was followed by another ſeverer ſtill; a ſtroke, which cruſhed the hopes I had ſo long and ſo fondly cheriſhed, and reſigned me at once to deſpair. Mr. Hugh Smerdon, on whoſe ſucceſſion I had calculated, died, and was ſucceeded by a perſon not much older than myſelf, and certainly not ſo well qualified for the ſituation.

I look back to that part of my life, which immediately followed this event, with little ſatisfaction. It was a period of gloom and ſavage unſociability. By degrees I ſunk into a kind of corporeal torpor; or, if rouſed into activity by the ſpirit of youth, waſted the exertion in ſplenetic and vexatious tricks, which alienated the few acquaintances compaſſion had yet left me. So I crept on in ſilent diſcontent, unfriended and unpitied; indignant at the preſent, careleſs of the future, an object at once of apprehenſion and diſlike.

From this ſtate of abjectneſs I was raiſed by a young woman of my own claſs. She was a neighbour; and whenever I took my ſolitary walk, with my Wolfius in my pocket, ſhe uſually came to the door, and by a ſmile, or a ſhort queſtion put in the friendlieſt manner, endeavoured to ſolicit my attention. My heart had been long ſhut to kindneſs; but the ſentiment was not dead within me. It revived at the firſt encouraging word;

and the gratitude I felt for it, was the firſt pleaſing ſenſation, I had ventured to entertain for many dreary months.

Together with gratitude, hope and other paſſions ſtill more enlivening, took place of that uncomfortable gloomineſs, which ſo lately poſſeſſed me. I returned to my companions, and by every winning art in my power, ſtrove to make them forget my former repulſive ways. In this I was not unſucceſsful. I recovered their good-will, and became by degrees ſomewhat of a favourite.

My maſter ſtill murmured; for the buſineſs of the ſhop went on no better, than before. I comforted myſelf, however, with the reflection, that my apprenticeſhip was drawing to a concluſion, when I determined to renounce the employment forever, and to open a private ſchool.

In this humble and obſcure ſtate, poor beyond the common lot, yet flattering my ambition with day-dreams, which perhaps would never have been realized, I was found in the twentieth year of my age by Mr. William Cookeſley, a name never to be pronounced by me without veneration. The lamentable doggerel, which I have already mentioned, and which had paſſed from mouth to mouth among people of my own degree, had by ſome accident or other reached his ear, and gave him a curioſity to inquire after the author.

It was my good fortune to intereſt his benevolence. My little hiſtory was not untinctured with melancholy, and I laid it fairly before him. His firſt care was to conſole; his ſecond, which he cheriſhed to the laſt moment of his exiſtence, was to relieve and ſupport me.

Mr. Cookeſley was not rich. His eminence in his profeſſion, which was that of a ſurgeon, procured him indeed much employment; but in a country town, men of ſcience are not the moſt liberally rewarded. He had beſides, a very numerous family, which left him little for the purpoſes of general benevolence. That little however was cheerfully beſtowed, and his activity and zeal were always at hand to ſupply the deficiencies of his fortune.

On examining into the nature of my literary attainments, he found them abſolutely nothing. He heard however with equal ſurpriſe and pleaſure, that, amidſt the groſſeſt ignorance of

books, I had made a very conſiderable progreſs in the mathematics. He engaged me to enter into the details of this affair; and when he had learned, that I had made it in circumſtances of diſcouragement and danger, he became more warmly intereſted in my favour, and he now ſaw a poſſibility of ſerving me.

The plan, that occurred to him, was naturally that, which ſo often ſuggeſted itſelf to me. There were indeed ſeveral obſtacles to be overcome: I had eighteen months yet to ſerve; my hand-writing was bad, and my language very incorrect; but nothing could ſlacken the zeal of this excellent man. He procured a few of my poor attempts at rhyme, diſperſed them among his friends and acquaintances, and when my name was become ſomewhat familiar to them, ſet on foot a ſubſcription for my relief. I ſtill preſerve the original paper; its title was not very magnificent, though it exceeded the moſt ſanguine wiſhes of my heart. It ran thus: "a ſubſcription for purchaſing the remainder of the time of William Gifford, and for enabling him to improve himſelf in writing and Engliſh grammar." Few contributed more than five ſhillings, and none went beyond ten and ſixpence. Enough however was collected to free me from my apprenticeſhip, (the ſum my maſter received was ſix pounds,) and to maintain me for a few months, during which I aſſiduouſly attended the Rev. Thomas Smerdon.

At the expiration of this period, I found that my progreſs, (for I will ſpeak the truth in modeſty,) had been more conſiderable than my patrons expected. I had alſo written in the interim ſeveral little pieces of poetry, leſs rugged, I ſuppoſe, than my former ones, and certainly with fewer anomalies of language. My preceptor too ſpake favourably of me; and my benefactor, who was now become my father and my friend, had little difficulty in perſuading my patrons to renew their donations, and continue me at ſchool for another year. Such liberality was not loſt upon me; I grew anxious to make the beſt return in my power, and I redoubled my diligence. Now, when I am ſunk into indolence, I look back with ſome degree of ſcepticiſm to the exertions of that period.

In two years and two months from the day of my emancipation, I was pronounced by Mr. Smerdon fit for the Univerſity. The plan of opening a writing ſchool had been abandoned

almoſt from the firſt; and Mr. Cookeſley looked round for ſome one, who had intereſt enough to procure me ſome little office at Oxford.

(To be continued.)

FOR THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

"AUT CÆSAR, AUT NULLUS."

EMINENT talents are leſs the gift of nature, than the fruit of perſevering exerciſe of the mental powers. To call them forth by holding within reach great and intereſting objects is therefore generally ſufficient to form an elevated character. When objects of this nature are wanting, or when they are not exhibited in a ſtriking light; ſuch, as are trifling or pernicious, generally intrude themſelves, and render the mind taſteleſs, groveling, or vicious. Hence we may trace that remarkable oppoſition of character, which diſtinguiſhes the great and good from the low and vile. It is not enough to *know*, what is worthy our attention; our *feelings* muſt be engaged in the purſuit; the torch of genius muſt be lighted at the altar of enthuſiaſm. Ambition is the moving power, that gives direction to the united vigour of the paſſions. It confers a ſuperiority over the kindred ſons of mortality, conducts all the energy of the mind in a ſingle channel, and ſeldom fails of realizing its moſt daring conceptions. When it aims at true greatneſs and the good of mankind, it inſpires activity, enlivens the germs of virtue and excellence, diffuſes peace and happineſs, and thus becomes the ſun of the ſphere, it enlightens. But when, guided by falſe ideas of glory, it ſeeks perſonal advantage at the expenſe of juſtice, erects its trophies on ſcenes of deſolation and ſlaughter; or when, like Cæſar, it turns parricide, and, mounting on the proſtrate liberties of its country, it eſtabliſhes a throne of deſpotiſm on the bodies of her murdered patriots; heaven's fierceſt wrath can ſcarcely ſend a fitter miniſter of vengeance.

But miſcreants, like theſe, ambition diſclaims, as a ſpurious breed; yet the misjudging world obſtinately perſiſts in viewing them, as her legitimate offspring. The Cæſars and the Robeſpieres are called ambitious, becauſe they ſought to eſtabliſh their own power and aggrandizement, on the ruins of public liberty

and happineſs ; while Cato and Waſhington are called *unambitious*, becauſe they ſacrificed perſonal views to the good of their country. We ſhall ſee how unjuſtly in both caſes. The former no doubt ſought their own happineſs, and ſuppoſed it conſiſted in poſſeſſion of power, and the anticipation of immortal fame. The firſt they acquired, and vainly imagined, they could now ſilence the cries of injured innocence, and ſtifle the groans of murdered liberty. They now thought to drench that country in Lethean dews, where an inundation of blood ſubſiding had left a noiſome ſediment of crimes. By teaching the hiſtorian to concentrate the rays of thoſe actions, which had the ſemblance of greatneſs, they thought to dazzle the eyes of ſcrutinizing poſterity, and to miſlead their judgment by raiſing their wonder. Deluded parricides ! your tyrannic authority can never varniſh your fraud, treachery, and cruelty. Enjoy your power in oppreſſing your country ; but the curſes of poſterity, while a tongue remains to utter them, ſhall not ceaſe to blaſt the memory of the murderer of Cato and the aſſaſſin of Louis XVI.

Wretched indeed muſt be the man, who reaches the ſummit of power by injuſtice. Conſcious, that he has violated the rights, and juſtly incurred the hatred of a whole people, he becomes ſuſpicious, cruel and revengeful. He lives the victim of terror and remorſe, till death in compaſſion delivers him from the hell of living. When gratitude in her lonely walk ſhall ſtop, and ſhed a tear on the grave, where ſleeps the ſlaughtered patriot ; her curſes on the enemy of freedom will riſe to heaven, and blacken the catalogue of his offences. Is this the fruit of ambition ? Let not ambition be thus degraded ; call it infatuation, madneſs, any thing rather than ambition.

But where is he, who makes the happineſs of mankind the baſis of his own ; who builds the edifice of his fame on their benedictions ? When ſucceſs attends his exertions, the acclamations of the world will acknowledge him their friend and patron ; and even ſhould he fail of his generous purpoſe, he will receive ample reward from the approbation of a grateful few, and abóve all from the internal teſtimony of conſcious rectitude.

Let nothing damp our ardour in purſuit of excellence. Poor and mean ſpirited muſt be the wretch, who ſtops ſhort in the aſcent of glory, ſoothing himſelf with reaſons debaſing, as theſe;

"I could not reach the ſummit, were I to perſevere. My talents are unequal to the taſk. Beſides a thouſand others are purſuing the ſame courſe, and will not fail to impede me by envy and detraction. Let others exhauſt their youth and vigour in the uſeleſs purſuit, I am ſure of being more happy in ſauntering where inclination leads." Contemptible mortal, was it thus, the great men, who illumine hiſtory, checked the riſing germ of ambition, and blaſted their future glory? Had Demoſthenes and Cicero reaſoned thus, thoſe pillars of eloquence might have remained unhewn in the foreſt. Had Ariſtides, Socrates, and Cato reaſoned thus, in vain ſhould we ſeek the annals of Greece and Rome for thoſe models of virtue and patriotiſm. Had Waſhington reaſoned thus, where would America have found a hero, to fight her battles; a ſage, to enlighten her legiſlators; and a patriot, whoſe magnanimity could have reſiſted the temptation to enſlave her?

The powers of the mind can be known only by exerting them; let us therefore concentrate their force by directing them to *one* great end. Whence ariſes the mortifying truth, that for one illuſtrious genius the pride of human nature is daily humbled by thouſands, who live and die unnoticed even by contempt? Can it be ſaid that objects are wanting to ſtimulate purſuit, while innumerable worlds of ſcience remain trackleſs and unexplored? If we caſt our eyes on the boſom of ſleeping Aſia, can we ſay, ſhe wants not patriots and heroes, to rouſe her from her ſlumbers? Does not the wretched barbariſm of Africa promiſe celeſtial honours to ſome Confucius or Pythagoras, who will teach her the arts and morals of civilized life? Does not deſponding Europe ſigh for her Solons, her Lycurguſes, and her Catos? Even our own beloved country, through the gloom of ſorrow for the loſs of her Waſhington, looks on us, her children, and, while a ray of hope brightens her countenance, we hear her ſay, "Which of you now will be my Waſhington?" Every heart beats high at the ſound; every voice exclaims, "Aut Waſhington, aut nullus?" A band of heroes, patriots, ſages advance with emulous trepidation. Poſterity waits the termination of a career ſo noble, and impartial fame poiſes in one hand her impartial ſcale, and exhibits in the other the wreath of immortal glory, to crown the victor!

P.

SELECTIONS.

HISTORY has been termed, by a juſt and well known definition, philoſophy inſtructing by examples; but the nature of the doctrine will always be conſiderably influenced by the temper, views, and prejudices of the hiſtorian; and that writer muſt be highly culpable, who, before he undertakes the taſk of directing the opinions of mankind on the moſt important ſubjects, omits examining with candour and diligence, the feelings, limits, and bias of his own mind, eſtimating his means of information, and earneſtly ſeeking to diſcover with a view of mitigating their effects, the predilections, antipathies, hopes, and fears, by which he is actuated. If theſe are ſuffered to operate in diſcolouring the narrative, which ought to be given with the utmoſt candour, the author is guilty of a fraud in announcing his work as a *hiſtory*. It is, at the utmoſt, but an hiſtorical eſſay, in which the writer, aſſuming the part of a diſputant, bends facts, characters and circumſtances to his own views; falſifies, ſuppreſſes, or perverts them to ſuit his purpoſes, and inſtead of informing, ſeeks only to perſuade, ſeduce, or corrupt the reader. ADOLPHUS.

IT is a traditionary tale of his country, that almoſt in infancy, the great Lord Mansfield was accuſtomed to declaim upon his native mountains the moſt celebrated ſpeeches of Cicero and Demoſthenes, and his own inimitable tranſlations.

LIVES OF EMINENT LAWYERS.

MANY deſcriptions are given of the eloquence of Lord Chatham: but of them all, whether written by Mr. Burke, Wilkes, the author of Junius, Frederic of Pruſſia, the Abbè Raynal, or Lord Cheſterfield, that written by the laſt ſtrikes me as the cleareſt and perhaps the moſt accurate. "His eloquence was of every kind, and he excelled in the argumentative, as well as in the declamatory way. But his invectives were terrible, and uttered with ſuch energy of diction, and ſuch dignity of action and countenance, that he intimidated thoſe, who were the moſt willing and the leaſt able to encounter him. Their arms fell out of their hands, and they ſhrunk under the aſcendant, which his genius gained over theirs." LIFE OF CHATHAM.

FOR THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

THE NIGHT OF A BACHELOR.

Mr. PER-SE,

I WAS charmed with the "WINTER NIGHT" of a married man in your laſt number. I ſend you the NIGHT of a BACHELOR, in proſe, for I want the influence of love to kindle feeling into poetry. I have but one wing, and how can I ſoar?

"*Come gentle Night,*
"*Thou ſober ſuited matron.*" SHAKESPEARE.

WHEN the buſineſs and brawl of the day are over, the pleaſures of the man of taſte and feeling begin. From the buſtle of the world, he retires to the true enjoyments of his nature. The giddy and the gay he leaves to purſuits, which do not originate in ſentiment, or terminate in improvement. He connects himſelf with infinity in his range of thought, and unites with every ſentient being in the expanſion of feeling. In the juſt exerciſe of his powers he attains to the dignity and indulges in the prerogatives of his rank.

I love thee, "ſober ſuited night." In thy ſtill hours, and ſheltered by thy ſhades, I catch all the joys of freedom. The impulſes of intellect and humanity keep me in activity, which refreſhes. My ſolitary retreat is Adam's Paradiſe, and I indulge to rapture.

Ye gay and giddy beings, who find no pleaſure but in the crowd, and in the ſports of the crowd, who flee to the world and its bald amuſements to eſcape from yourſelves, liſten to the biography of a ſtranger. Perhaps you may envy his fortune, when he boaſts of pleaſure. Luckily it can be obtained without money or without price. It needs but the will to be acquired, and its acquiſition is attended with too many delights ever to be reſigned, but for the fire-ſide enjoyments of love.

When the ſhades of night have fallen, and I ſit gazing at my fading embers in momentary relaxation, memory wakes and buſies with a thouſand tales the time ſhe ſteals. She talks of all the dear delights of paſt days, and hurries me to the faireſt ſcenes of early life. I wander over the play place of my boyiſh years. I con over my taſk without its wonted toils, and play truant without the faithful rod. I run home again with joy, and renew the pleaſures of thoughtleſs innocence. Domeſtic de-

lights, college ſcenes and all the buſy parts of youth recur. Year after year rolls on, and to filial and friendly affections ſucceeds a more genial glow. I remember the firſt time I handed my fair one a roſe, and enjoy the bluſh, that betrayed its glad acceptance. I think on—no, I feel the faſcination, that then, that now bewitches me, and almoſt forget, that my ſigh is not the full ſwelling of hope. My heart beats quick. I give a tear to deſpair, and ſtrive to feel, that I once was happy. The viſion of ſome confidential friend here calls up our ſympathy, our emulation and ſocial labours. The concomitant ſcenes ruſh upon my mind. Fancy fills up the ſpace of abſence, and hope places him in the progreſs to happineſs.

But the ſecluſion of night is not ſacred to the grateful viſions and dear deluſions of feeling. The head muſt improve the advantages of ſolitude, and, after the toil of profeſſional inquiry, is to be refreſhed by the pages of philoſophy and taſte. I become the diſciple of genius. Nature is wonderful, but of all her wonders, the moſt engaging is the mind, that developes her myſteries. While I wonder at the diſcloſure of her vaſt, her minute, her complicate machinery, I enjoy the delight of her ſucceſsful inveſtigator. Cold is the heart and robbed of half its bliſs, that feels no intereſt in the purſuits of the ſpy and hiſtorian of nature. I catch him in the midſt of his reſearches. I lean over and languiſh at the tardy and doubtful progreſs of experiment. I throb with all his anxiety, and indulge in his triumph at the diſcovery of new forms and new relations. I trace his cares, his ſchemes, his perplexities, and his reſults, and venerate the locks, that thought has whitened for age. From philoſophy I wander into the fairy land of fancy. I mark her whole creation, which is modelled on nature without her neceſſities, and regulated from reaſon, yet without her preciſion. I ſee the ſcene ſtarting in the poet's mind—I behold it expand—The actors thicken—the plot grows deep—fate hangs upon a hair, and who dares cut it? Whoſe heart has not beat quick? Whoſe eye has been dry? Who has not ruſhed to act in the moment of deluſion, when genius has put her ſpell on ſenſe, and annihilated time and place and circumſtance?

The clock ſtrikes twelve. A grateful avocation ſtill remains. In the bible, I ſeek the will of my Father, his counſels and my

duties. From his word, which teaches me what I am, and his promiſes, which inform me what I may be, I derive a joy, which the world cannot give, nor take away. I kneel with hope and gratitude before his throne, and with confidence in his mercy commend all my fellow-men to his holy keeping. "Our father, who art in heaven," what thought more enlivening to the child on earth! Overſhadow us with thy wings, keep us in the hollow of thy hand.

Such is the night of a rational recluſe, whom fortune and inclination have made a ſeceder from ſociety. And who ſhall deride his tranquil pleaſures by comparing them with the orgies of folly and deluſion, or the gay amuſements of a giddy world? If the heart there throb, it is with diſguſt. If the eye there languiſh, it is at vanity. Sleep is to them but the freedom of madneſs, and all its dreams, the vagaries of a frantic fancy. Soft is the pillow to my head. The ſlumber, earned by toil, is quiet; and, if a viſion ſteals through my mind, it ſeems a viſit from ſome kind angel to cheer me for a well cloſed day.

BOETIUS.

MEMOIRS

OF

WILLIAM COLLINS;

WITH OBSERVATIONS ON HIS GENIUS AND WRITINGS.

[Continued from page 79.]

HORACE ſpeaks of the fidelity of the ear in preference to the uncertainty of the eye; but, if the mind receives conviction, it is certainly of very little importance through what medium, or by which of the ſenſes it is conveyed. The impreſſions left on the imagination may poſſibly be thought leſs durable, than the depoſits of the memory. But it may very well admit of a queſtion, whether a concluſion of reaſon, or an impreſſion of imagination will ſooneſt make its way to the heart. A moral precept, conveyed in words, is only an account of truth in its effects; a moral picture is truth exemplified; and which is moſt likely to gain upon the affections, it may not be difficult to determine.

This however muſt be allowed, that thoſe works approach the neareſt to perfection, which unite theſe powers and advantages; which at once influence the imagination, and engage the memory; the former by the force of animated and ſtriking deſcription, the latter by a brief but harmonious conveyance of precept. Thus, while the heart is influenced through the operation of the paſſions, or the fancy, the effect, which might otherwiſe have been tranſient, is ſecured by the co-operating power of the memory, which treaſures up in a ſhort aphoriſm the moral of the ſcene.

This is a good reaſon, and this perhaps is the only reaſon, that can be given, why our dramatic performances ſhould generally end with a chain of couplets. In theſe the moral of the whole piece is uſually conveyed; and that aſſiſtance, which the memory borrows from rhyme, as it was probably the original cauſe of it, gives it uſefulneſs and propriety even there.

After theſe apologies for the *deſcriptive* turn of the odes of Mr. Collins, ſomething remains to be ſaid on the origin and uſe of *allegory* in poetical compoſition.

By this we are not to underſtand the trope in the ſchools, which is defined *aliud verbis, aliud ſenſu oſtendere*, and of which Quintilian ſays, *Uſus eſt, ut triſtia dicamus melioribus verbis, aut bonæ rei gratia quædam contrariis ſignificemus*, &c. It is not the verbal, but the ſentimental allegory, not allegorical expreſſion, (which indeed might come under the term of *metaphor*) but allegorical imagery, that is here in queſtion.

When we endeavour to trace this ſpecies of figurative ſentiment to its origin, we find it coeval with literature itſelf. It is generally agreed, that the moſt ancient productions are poetical, and it is certain, that the moſt ancient poems abound with allegorical imagery.

If then it be allowed, that the firſt literary productions were poetical, we ſhall have little or no difficulty in diſcovering the origin of allegory.

At the birth of letters, in the tranſition from hieroglyphical to literal expreſſion, it is not to be wondered if the cuſtom of expreſſing ideas by perſonal images, which had ſo long prevailed, ſhould ſtill retain its influence on the mind, though the uſe of letters had rendered the practical application of it ſuperfluous.

Thoſe who had been accuſtomed to expreſs ſtrength by the image of an elephant, ſwiftneſs by that of a panther, and courage by that of a lion, would make no ſcruple of ſubſtituting, in letters, the ſymbols for the ideas they had been uſed to repreſent.

Here we plainly ſee the origin of *allegorical expreſſion*, that it aroſe from the *aſhes* of hieroglyphics; and if to the ſame cauſe we ſhould refer that figurative boldneſs of ſtyle and imagery, which diſtinguiſh the oriental writings, we ſhall perhaps conclude more juſtly, than if we ſhould impute it to the ſuperior grandeur of eaſtern genius.

From the ſame ſource with the *verbal*, we are to derive the *ſentimental* allegory, which is nothing more than a continuation of the metaphorical, or ſymbolical expreſſion of the ſeveral agents in an action, or the different objects in a ſcene.

The latter moſt peculiarly comes under the denomination of allegorical imagery; and in this ſpecies of allegory we include the imperſonation of paſſions, affections, virtues and vices, &c. on account of which, principally, theſe odes were properly termed by their author allegorical.

With reſpect to the utility of this figurative writing, the ſame arguments, that have been advanced in favour of deſcriptive poetry, will be of weight likewiſe here. It is indeed from imperſonation, or, as it is commonly termed, perſonification, that poetical deſcription borrows its chief powers and graces. Without the aid of this, moral and intellectual painting would be flat and unanimated, and even the ſcenery of material objects would be dull without the introduction of fictitious life.

Theſe obſervations will be moſt effectually illuſtrated by the ſublime and beautiful odes that occaſioned them; in thoſe, it will appear, how happily this allegorical painting may be executed by the genuine powers of poetical genius, and they will not fail to prove its force and utility by paſſing through the imagination to the heart.

ODE TO PITY.

" BY *Pella's* Bard, a magic name,
By all the griefs his thought could frame,
Receive my humble rite;

Long, Pity, let the nations view
Thy ſky-worn robes of tendereſt blue,
And eyes of dewy light !"

The propriety of invoking Pity through the mediation of *Euripides* is obvious. That admirable poet had the keys of all the tender paſſions, and therefore could not but ſtand in the higheſt eſteem with a writer of Mr. Collins' ſenſibility. He did indeed admire him, as much as Milton profeſſedly did, and probably for the ſame reaſons. But we do not find that he has copied him ſo cloſely, as the laſt mentioned poet has ſometimes done, and particularly in the opening of Samſon-Agoniſtes, which is an evident imitation of the following paſſage in the ΦΟΙΝΙΣΣΑΙ.

Ηʃϑ παροιϑε, ϑυγατερ, ὡς τυφλι
Οφϑαλμος ει συ, ναυϐαταισιν αʃρον ὡς,
Δευρ' εις το μευρον πεδοο ιχνος τιϑεισ' εμον.
Προϑαινε.———— Act III. Sc. 1.

The " eyes of the dewy light" is one of the happieſt ſtrokes of imagination, and may be ranked among thoſe expreſſions which

" —give us back the image of the mind."

" Wild Arun too has heard thy ſtrains,
And Echo, 'midſt my native plains,
Been ſooth'd with *Pity's* lute.

There firſt the wren thy myrtles ſhed
On gentleſt Otway's infant head."

Suſſex, in which county the Arun is a ſmall river, had the honour of giving birth to Otway, as well as to Collins. Both theſe poets unhappily became the objects of that pity, by which their writings are diſtinguiſhed. There was a ſimilitude in their genius, and in their ſufferings. There was a reſemblance in the misfortunes, and in the diſſipation of their lives ; and the circumſtances of their death cannot be remembered without pain.

The thought of painting in the temple of Pity the hiſtory of human misfortunes, and of drawing the ſcenes from the tragic muſe, is very happy, and in every reſpect worthy of the imagination of its author.

ODE TO FEAR.

MR. Collins, who had often determined to apply himſelf to dramatic poetry, ſeems here, with the ſame view, to have addreſſed one of the principal powers of the drama, and to implore that mighty influence ſhe had given to the genius of Shakeſpeare:

" Hither again thy fury deal,
Teach me but once like him to feel:
His cypreſs-wreath my meed decree,
And I, O Fear, will dwell with thee!"

In the conſtruction of this nervous ode the author has ſhewn equal power of judgment and imagination. Nothing can be more ſtriking, than the violent and abrupt abbreviation of the meaſure in the fifth and ſixth verſes, when he feels the ſtrong influences of the power he invokes:

" Ah Fear! ah frantic Fear!
I ſee, I ſee thee near."

The writer of theſe obſervations has met with nothing in the ſame ſpecies of poetry, either in his own, or in any other language, equal in all reſpects to the following deſcription of Danger.

" Danger, whoſe limbs of giant-mould,
What mortal eye can fix'd behold?
Who ſtalks his round, an hideous form,
Howling amidſt the midnight ſtorm,
Or throws him on the ridgy ſteep
Of ſome looſe, hanging rock to ſleep."

It is impoſſible to contemplate the image, conveyed in the two laſt verſes, without thoſe emotions of terror it was intended to excite. It has moreover the entire advantage of novelty to recommend it; for there is too much originality in all the circumſtances to ſuppoſe that the author had in his eye that deſcription of the penal ſituation of Catiline in the ninth Æneid:

———Te, Catilina, minaci
Pendentem ſcopulo———

The archetype of the Engliſh poet's idea was in nature, and probably, to her alone he was indebted for the thought. From her likewiſe he derived that magnificence of conception, that horrible grandeur of imagery, diſplayed in the following lines:

"And thoſe the fiends, who near allied,
O'er Nature's wounds, and wrecks preſide;
While Vengeance, in the lurid air,
Lifts her red arm, expos'd and bare;
On whom that ravening Brood of fate,
Who lap the blood of Sorrow, wait."

That nutritive enthuſiaſm, which cheriſhes the ſeeds of poetry, and which is indeed the only ſoil, wherein they will grow to perfection, lays open the mind to all the influences of fiction. A paſſion for whatever is greatly wild, or magnificent in the works of nature, ſeduces the imagination to attend to all, that is extravagant, however unnatural. Milton was notoriouſly fond of high romance and gothic *diableries*, and Collins, who in genius and enthuſiaſm bore no very diſtant reſemblance to Milton, was wholly carried away by the ſame attachments.

"Be mine to read the viſions old,
Which thy awakening bards have told:
And, leſt thou meet my blaſted view,
HOLD EACH STRANGE TALE DEVOUTLY TRUE."

"On that thrice hallow'd eve," *&c.*

There is an old traditionary ſuperſtition, that on St. Mark's eve the forms of all ſuch perſons, as ſhall die within the enſuing year, make their ſolemn entry into the churches of their reſpective pariſhes, without their heads.

ODE TO SIMPLICITY.

THE meaſure of the ancient ballad ſeems to have been choſen for this ode, on account of the ſubject, and it has indeed an air of ſimplicity not altogether unaffecting.

"By all the honey'd ſtore
On Hybla's thymy ſhore;
By all her blooms, and mingled murmurs dear,

By her, whoſe love-lorn wo,
In evening muſings flow,
Sooth'd ſweetly ſad Electra's poet's ear."

This allegorical imagery of the honey'd ſtore, the blooms, and mingled murmurs of *Hybla*, alluding to the ſweetneſs and beauty of the *attic* poetry, has the fineſt and the happieſt effect. Yet poſſibly it will bear a queſtion, whether the ancient Greek tragedians had a general claim to ſimplicity in any thing more than in the plans of their drama. Their language, at leaſt, was infinitely metaphorical; yet it muſt be owned, that they juſtly copied nature and the paſſions, and ſo far certainly they were entitled to the palm of true ſimplicity. The following moſt beautiful ſpeech of *Polynices* will be a monument of this, as long as poetry ſhall laſt.

——πολυδακρυς δ' αφικμην
Χρονιος ιδων μελαθρα, και βωμους θεων,
Γυμνασια θ' οισιν ενετραφην, Διρκης θ' υδωρ.
Ων ϗ δικαιως ἀπελαθεις, ξενην πολιν
Ναιω, δι ὀσσων ὁμμ' ἐχων δακρυροῶν.
Αλλ' (εκ γαρ ἀλγους ἀλγος) αυ σε δερκομαι
Καρα ξυρηκες, και πεπλους μελαγχιμους
Εχουσαν. EURIP.

"But ſtaid to ſing alone
To one diſtinguiſh'd throne."

The poet cuts off the prevalence of Simplicity among the Romans with the reign of Auguſtus, and indeed, it did not continue much longer; moſt of the compoſitions, after that date, giving into falſe and artificial ornament.

"No more in hall, or bower,
The paſſions own thy power,
Love, only love, her forceleſs numbers mean."

In theſe lines the writings of the provencial poets are principally alluded to, in which ſimplicity is generally ſacrificed to the rhapſodies of romantic love.

(To be continued.)

THE ANTHOLOGY.

Original Poetry.

AN ELEGY.

AT winter's voice, while nature faints,
And ſullen clouds her grief conceal,
The gloomy ſcenes, that memory paints,
Delights unheeded now reveal.

While ſpring with joyous muſic wakes
The ſwooning plain and hill appall'd;
Their glee the penſive mind forſakes,
To times of former bliſs recall'd.

There mourning fancy flies to greet
The ſhades of joys, now brighteſt ſhown;
There life diſplays her charms complete,
And beauteous forms exult alone.

Fain memory loves the ſhining hours,
That gleam on life's bewilder'd way;
And ſtill relumes the gladden'd bowers,
When ſcenes of wo from ſight decay.

Yet ſhe, while fortune's gifts delight,
And friends belov'd rejoice around,
Forebodes theſe joys, by ſpeedy flight,
Will in her view alone be found.

The ſweeteſt raptures, while enjoy'd,
Are ſtill with bitter cares combin'd;
Who ſeeks for pleaſures unannoy'd,
Muſt oft ſeverer anguiſh find.

Gay hope, to diſtant realms of joy
Allures our ever willing view;
From good poſſeſs'd her wiles decoy,
And we her fleeting boon purſue.

Yet ſhould we e'en her gifts attain,
How ſoon, alas! they worthleſs ſeem;
Like former pleaſures, tranſient, vain;
Their brilliance, only fancy's dream!

Would ſhe but point beyond the bourn,
That life's dull, dreary maze ſurrounds;
No longer then might fancy mourn;
But revel, where true bliſs abounds.

This frowning world, with all its wo,
Might, then, to ſmiling calmneſs cheer;
The adverſe ſtorm might rudely blow,
And, yet, its venom'd pains endear.

NIL DESPERANDUM;

OR,

A SONG OF WO.

ON the billowy deep of diſtreſs,
A wild courſe I was doom'd to purſue;—
Still my reach the bold ſurges repreſs
From the ſhores, that rejoice within view.

To the mercileſs ſtorm I muſt bend;
But the combat will never reſign;
To the port yet in hope will I tend,
And with ſorrow no longer repine.

Though the wind with inclemency raves,
Yet, by turns, the keen malice expires;
Then a ſlumber alights on the waves,
And deſpair, with her ſhadow, retires.

Though affliction and toil are my doom,
Yet their weight I was form'd to ſuſtain;
I can grope through my path, though in gloom,—
Why then ſhould I ever complain?

EPISTOLARY VERSES;

To M. M. C.

AH! Friend, and muſt no hour betray?—
But that, which liſtening midnight brings?
What magic gives thy pencil play—
Thy Muſe to ride on ſtarry wings?
How loſt her ſons without her aid,
Slow move the tides of eloquence;
As though the unconſcious ſoul had fled,
Or ſlumbers barr'd each paſſive ſenſe.
But from her kindling torch revives
The harmleſs flame of mental fires;
Again the dying Poet lives
Whene'er the Parent Muſe inſpires.
Does night befriend her piercing eye,
And give to viſion keener ray?—
So lightening thwarts the darken'd ſky,
And pours a more majeſtic day.
Long may you drink the electric ſtream,
That nerves the ſoul for glory's age;—
The future hero ſwell thy theme,
And immortality thy page.
For late the charm of prophecy
To me reveal'd the Poet's power,—
To one, that lifts an humble eye,
Yet dares to watch the midnight hour.
Fancy ſuſpends the dewy wing,
In muſing rapture to behold
What theme for ſong thy muſe ſhall bring,
What theme, the Poets ne'er have told.
How varied ſmiles the freſh cropt bloom,
The ſtarlight tribute for thy brows;
Thence wider ſpreads the gay perfume,
Than ſolar luſtre can diffuſe.
Guardians of philoſophic power,
The pureſt incenſe give to riſe
From thoſe, that wing the midnight hour
To canopies of unknown ſkies.

CLEORA.

Selected Poetry.

THE miſerable condition of ſociety in Aſia is prettily intimated in this tender ſtrain of lamentation; and is well contraſted with the ſtate of thoſe countries, where Chriſtianity and rational liberty have eſtabliſhed their improving influence.

ASIA, AN ELEGY.

BY M. M. CLIFFORD.

(Written in Marmorice Bay, during the reſidence of Sir Ralph Abercrombie's army there, in February, 1801.)

AH! country, loſt to honour, loſt to love!
How vain the ſpicy gale, that fans thy coaſt;
How vain the myrtles, that enrich thy grove,
Or the warm roſes in thy valleys loſt.

Not here at eve the labouring hind retires,
To ſhare the pleaſures of his ſocial cot,
Nor ſmiling views, beſide his little fires,
The cheriſh'd partners of his humble lot.

The little tyrant of a fleeting hour
Here dwells in gloomy fear, and ſullen ſtate;
Here ſtarts, awaken'd from his dream of pow'r,
To kiſs the mandate that awards his fate.

Yes; though rude ſtorms o'erhang our Northern iſles,
Yet Nature wears in them a livelier green;
Pure honour there, and love's domeſtic ſmiles,
Congenial ſpring, to decorate the ſcene.

What though thy ivied walls, thy ruin'd towers,
Thy ſcatter'd hamlets, on the dreary plain,
Might lure young Pity from her claſſic bowers,
To mourn oppreſſion's ſolitary reign;

Yet here no gleam of worth adorns her ſong,
No virtue breathes beneath the ſlumbering clay;
No brighter name, diſtinguiſh'd from the throng,
Whoſe deeds of glory harmonize the lay.

The fierce defender of a tyrant's cauſe
Here, reſtleſs, ſeeks awhile a falſe renown,
Bids Nature huſh, and mocks her pureſt laws,
Then dies, the victim of his maſter's frown.

Yet not the awful form, the ſinewy frame,
That marks the natives of this Eaſtern ſky,
Was meant to cloke a boſom dead to ſhame,
Or ſink, abaſh'd, beneath a tyrant's eye.

Not thus the children of a bleaker clime,
Who feel, in ſmaller forms, a breaſt more pure,
Like the firm rock, that ſtands the lapſe of time,
More firm from tempeſts, from attacks more ſure.

Ah, happier climes! if erſt when honour calls,
Thy free born ſons rejoice awhile to roam,
With laurell'd worth they ſeek thy ſacred halls,
And add more luſtre to their parent home.

IN this little poem ſeveral blemiſhes may appear to the eye of ſullen criticiſm; but the ſpirit, by which it is animated, ſufficiently recommends it to thoſe, who are not inclined to ſeverity. The enthuſiaſm of a youthful bard, however devious from reaſon, can ſcarcely fail of giving *a harmleſs* pleaſure to all, whoſe hearts have ever been enlivened with poetical warmth.

To FANCY.

DEAR Fancy, welcome are thy tranſient dreams;
Oft in thy ſpells my willing ſpirit bind;
Pleas'd will I revel in thy gilded gleams,
And leave the dull, ſtale, weary world behind.

Avaunt, ye ſordid crew! nor think to tread,
Where, if *ye* came, each charm would quickly fly.
O'er her fair realms Bœotian miſts are ſpread
To guard them from your cold and ſenſeleſs eye.

Yes, ye may taunt our viſionary train,
Profane with jeſts the poet's gifted dreams;
But ſhall your mocks the winged ſoul reſtrain,
Which in the bard's expreſſive eye-ball beams?

And what can dull reality beſtow,
Beyond what Fancy's fairy wand can raiſe?
True, her wild pictures for a moment glow,
And often vaniſh, while we fondly gaze.

What has your idol world to boaſt of more?
What laſting prize your ſervile toils to pay?
What can it yield you from its wealthieſt ſtore,
One adverſe moment may not ſweep away?

Oh! ſee the bard, whom chilling want purſues,
Scaring with meagre form each timid friend;
Though the cool world each ſoothing aid refuſe,
Fancy ſhall ſmiling at his couch attend.
Yes, to the laſt ſhall Fancy linger there,
And e'en when every earthward hope is fled,
Her hand ſhall chaſe away the mourner's tear,
Her brighteſt viſions flit around his head.

THE lovers of poetic luxury have been lately invited to a *ſplendid entertainment* in DARWIN'S "TEMPLE OF NATURE," where, to diverſify their enjoyments of *dulcet melody, delicious ſweets, and richeſt odours, amid the dazzling glitter of gold and rubies*, they are ſometimes led to proſpects of hurly and tumult. Yet in theſe proſpects, but few ſcenes are ſo fairly diſplayed, as this, which diſcovers the agitation and buſtle of

FLORA,

ON THE APPROACH OF CUPID.

DELIGHTED Flora, gazing from afar,
Greets with mute homage the triumphal car;
On ſilvery ſlippers ſteps with boſom bare,
Bends her white knee, and bows her auburn hair;
Calls to her purple heaths, and bluſhing bowers,
Burſts her green gems, and opens all her flowers;
O'er the bright pair a ſhower of roſes ſheds,
And crowns with wreaths of hyacinth their heads.—
—Slow roll the ſilver wheels, with ſnow-drops deck'd,
And primroſe-bands the cedar ſpokes connect;
Round the fine pole the twiſting woodbine clings,
And knots of jaſmine claſp the bending ſprings;
Bright daiſy links the velvet harneſs chain,
And rings of violets join each ſilken rein;
Feſtoon'd behind, the ſnow-white lilies bend,
And tulip taſſels on each ſide depend.
—Slow rolls the car,—the enamour'd flowers exhale
Their treaſur'd ſweets, and whiſper to the gale;
Their ravelled buds, and wrinkled cups unfold,
Nod their green ſtems, and wave their bells of gold;
Breathe their ſoft ſighs from each enchanted grove,
And hail the Deities of Sexual Love.

REMARKS ON NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Travels of four years and a half in the United States of America—during 1798, 1799, 1800, 1801, 1802 : *dedicated by permiſſion to T. Jefferſon, Eſq. Preſident of the United States. By* JOHN DAVIS. *Briſtol.* 1803.

THIS work was not intended to acquire the author much celebrity, or yield the reader much inſtruction, if we may judge from its ſtyle or matter. The preface, it is true, does not expreſs this humility of hope, or deſign, but is as prodigal of promiſes, as a Lord, and as high in pretenſions, as a beauty. It aſſures us we ſhall not hear of his dangers at a ferry, the beds he ſlept in, or the bill of fare of his landlords. But alas! we are ſoon informed of the ſad death of three dozen chickens, which furniſhed a ſea pye as big as a turtle. We learn where the writer ſlept in a bed, where in a hammock, where on the floor, and where he and Dr. de Bow could not ſleep at all, owing to the barking of a maſtiff; while we are regularly ſhewn the larder of his hoſt in a hotel, or a loghouſe. Were the preface expunged, we ſhould cheerfully ſubmit to theſe *intereſting* details; becauſe we know it is natural to complain, and that one half of the world is employed in teaſing the other half with the important hiſtory of its vexations. But when an author pretends to ſo much magnanimity, as indifference and ſilence reſpecting the petty inconveniences of "life's dull way" ſuppoſes, we are ill-natured enough to remark, when he is as ſplenetic as Dr. Smellfungus, and as trifling in detail, as a country girl after her firſt viſit to town.

Let not theſe obſervations be conſidered as a condemnation of the work, but merely of the vanity and egotiſm of the preface. "The book is well enough for the age in which it was written." It diſcovers much vivacity and ſome taſte, and if it diſplays but little of the diſcrimination of a nice obſerver, it contains much of the deſcription of a man of fancy.

The "Travels in America" will be run over in a leiſure hour after dinner with ſome pleaſure, even by thoſe, who love a ſegar as well as they do an author. There appears ſo much

good humour in Mr. Davis, that none but a cynic will quarrel with him; and there is ſo much ſenſibility diſcovered by his friend George, that the man of feeling would willingly call him his brother. There are ſome happy effuſions of the muſes ſpringing here and there in a long chapter, which, like flower gardens in a plantation, give variety and charms to what would otherwiſe be a ſeries of monotonous pages. Beſides, intereſting ſtories and characteriſtic anecdotes are ſometimes interwoven with the details of his journal. Juſt ſentiments are often fitly introduced, and improve his cheerful garrulity. The biography of our neighbours, which he gives us, cannot but engage the attention of a people, whoſe national trait is curioſity. His account of the condition of ſociety in ſome of the Southern States, is worth peruſal, if it only led us to inquire whether it be juſt, and whether he is correct in tenanting a fairy land with *Calibans*.

It cannot be expected, that in ſo limited a work as ours, we ſhould deſcend to detail: we therefore conclude this notice of "Travels in America," by recommending them as a ſubſtitute, for a few hours, for the wonders of romance and the billingsgate of party, with the hope that the ladies may for the time eſcape from their idle deluſions, and politicians cool from their frothy fermentation.

The Art of Singing; in three parts: viz. I. *The Muſical Primer;* II. *The Chriſtian Harmony;* III. *The Muſical Magazine. By* ANDREW LAW. *Fourth Edition, with additions and improvements. Printed on a new plan. Publiſhed at Cambridge, by W. Hilliard.* 1803.

The Muſical Primer; or the firſt part of the art of ſinging; containing the rules of Pſalmody, newly reviſed and improved; together with a number of Practical Leſſons and Plain Tunes; deſigned expreſsly for the uſe of Learners.

IN this laſt work, which is intended as an introduction to the former, the muſic is printed on a novel plan. The author uſes four characters, which are placed between ſingle bars, and made to mark the intervals and degrees of ſound, without the aſſiſtance of lines, on which muſic is uſually printed. Theſe characters denote the four muſical ſyllables, mi, faw, ſol, law.

The excellence of this invention conſiſts in this, that the ſame character always poſſeſſes the ſame name. One may without difficulty learn, in a few minutes, to read the moſt complicated piece of muſic, which is printed on this plan. The old mode of printing muſic embarraſſes beginners: for the names of the notes depending on their poſition, the ſame character conſtantly varies its name, as well as its ſound; and for this cauſe, very few perfectly attain even the ſimple art of reading it. But by the mode invented by Mr. Law, it is true, as he obſerves, "that children will ſoon learn to read muſic, as eaſily as they read other books."

Some, from a haſty inſpection of this plan, may be apt to doubt, whether a ſcholar will readily diſtinguiſh the true ſituation of the character, and may therefore ſuſpect, that he will be liable to miſtake its ſound. But this doubt is not well founded: for the muſic is taught by the degrees of the keys, and the common chord, taken upon the key note; and if the ſinger attentively obſerves the relative ſituation of the character, he will know the true ſound.

The world of late has been ſo diſtracted by the pernicious effects of political innovations, that many look with ſuſpicion, and receive with reſerve inventions even in the arts. We hope however, that the preſent improvement will be conſidered on its real merits, and that no one will reject it for its novelty, or contemn it for its ſimplicity.

The author's "Introductory Treatiſe on Vocal Muſic," contains many valuable obſervations, which are expreſſed with propriety, and which merit the attention of all inſtructors of that ſcience. He condemns the uſual method of hurrying learners forward too rapidly. The conſequence of this haſty procedure is, that the pupil makes but little proficiency, and ſoon becomes diſcouraged. Mr. Law recommends, that the learner ſhould begin with the rules, which are the elements of the art. "From theſe he ought to aſcend gradually. From a mere melody, or ſucceſſion of ſounds, in their moſt ſimple ſtate, as the eight notes, he may venture to riſe a ſtep higher, to the plaineſt leſſons and tunes; and from thence to thoſe, that are leſs

plain. By proceeding in this way, he will eventually riſe ſo high in his art, as to be able to ſing the moſt intricate pieces at ſight. But the eminence alluded to is highly exalted; and let no one imagine, that he ſhall reach its ſummit without taking the neceſſary ſteps."

Mr. Law proceeds to remark on the ſubject of "toning and tuning the voice." It muſt be confeſſed that the tones of our ſingers are generally harſh and diſſonant. What is more truly diſguſting, than the mode of ſinging, which is adopted by many of our pariſh choirs? Sacrificing the ſpirit of harmony, each endeavours to exceed his fellows in loudneſs of ſound, and vainly attempts to ſupply in noiſe, what is wanting in melody. The hiſſing of the teeth, and the twang of the noſe heighten the diſcord, and offend the ear, while they diſtract the mind. This mode of ſinging has tended to baniſh good compoſitions from our churches. The works of Handel have been ſacrificed to the inartificial and contemptible ſtrains of Billings, and of others, who were infected with his taſte.

A long and critical attention to the buſineſs of muſical inſtruction, aided by a good taſte, has enabled Mr. Law to ſuggeſt, in a narrow ſpace, many excellent obſervations on "articulation and pronunciation," on "the accent," the "ſwell," and on "ſoftneſs and loudneſs" in muſical performance. Negligence in attention to theſe parts, demonſtrates equal want of taſte and want of ſkill.

The collection of tunes is well calculated for beginners. They are ſimple in their kind. Among them are ſome of the productions of Handel, Madan, and Arnold, and of other eminent maſters, ancient and modern. We obſerve with pleaſure ſome old favourite pieces, which have been conſecrated by time, and endeared by uſe.

On the whole, we recommend this ſhort, elementary work to thoſe, who would acquire a juſt taſte in the ſcience of muſic, and eſpecially to thoſe, who delight to ſing "with the ſpirit and with the underſtanding," the praiſes of the Moſt High.

R.

MONTHLY CATALOGUE

OF

NEW PUBLICATIONS IN THE UNITED STATES,

FOR JANUARY, 1804.

NEW WORKS.

A TOPOGRAPHICAL and Statiſtical account of the Province of Louiſiana, containing a deſcription of its ſoil, climate, trade and produce, its diviſions, rivers, lakes, cities, towns, &c. laws, cuſtoms, habits and manners—civil, commercial, political and eccleſiaſtical eſtabliſhments, numbers and purſuits of its inhabitants, together with new and intereſting particulars relative to the Indian tribes; to which is annexed a copious preface, and the recent conventions of the United States and the French Republic. Compiled by different individuals, poſſeſſed of the beſt information, and from the Documents communicated to Congreſs by the Preſident.—T. & W. BRADFORD—*Philadelphia.*

A ſhort Syſtem of Conveyancing, in a method entirely new. By COLLINSON READ, Eſq. 1 vol. 12mo.—J. Johnſon—*Philadelphia.*

The editor ſays, that "he flatters himſelf, this work will be found (by experience) to contain the moſt ſimple and eaſy introduction to the knowledge and practice of conveyancing of any thing hitherto publiſhed; the ſlighteſt attention being ſufficient to enable a perſon of the ſmalleſt capacity to form any common conveyance in the ſhorteſt poſſible time."

A Short Hiſtory of Bees, in two parts. 1. Directions for their management, an account of their enemies, &c. 2. An enigmatical account of a neighbouring nation—their queen, her palaces, attendants, &c.—J. JOHNSON—*Philadelphia.*

Zaida; or the Dethronement of Mahomed IV.; a Novel founded on hiſtoric facts, tranſlated from the German of Auguſtus Von Kotzebue, never before publiſhed in the Engliſh Language; to which is added an hiſtoric drama, called the *Beautiful Unknown*, by the ſame author.—BURNTON & DARLING—*N. York.*

The New American Clerk's Magazine, and Young Conveyancer's Pocket Companion; containing all the neceſſary forms of Articles of Agreement, Bonds, Bills, Recognizances, Leaſes and Releaſes, Letters and Powers of Attorney, Awards, Bills of Sale, Gifts, Grants, Aſſignments, Mortgages, Surrenders, Jointures,

Covenants, Copartnerſhips, Declarations, Letters of Licence, &c. with neceſſary directions for making Diſtreſſes for Rent, &c. as the law between Landlord and Tenant now ſtands. The whole made conformable to the Laws of the United States, and adapted more particularly to the State of Virginia.—R. & J. GRAY—*Alexandria.*

A ſhort Introduction to Latin Grammar, for the uſe of the Univerſity of Pennſylvania, by JAMES DAVIDSON, Profeſſor of the Greek and Latin Languages in the Univerſity of Pennſylvania.—J. BIOREN—*Philadelphia.*

Memoirs of Stephen Burroughs, 2d vol.—C. BINGHAM—*Boſton.*

"Thoſe who have been amuſed or inſtructed by peruſing the firſt volume of the hiſtory of this ſingular character, may find equal entertainment by reading this continuation."

The Pulpit Orator; being a new ſelection of elegant compoſitions, from the beſt works of Maſters in Oratory, compriſing rules for good writing and ſpeaking. Moſt of the pieces in this compilation are wanting in works of the kind.—J. NANCREDE—*Boſton.*

NEW EDITIONS.

The Satires of Decimus Junius Juvenalis. Tranſlated into Engliſh Verſe, by William Gifford, Eſq. With notes and illuſtrations. Embelliſhed with an elegant portrait of the tranſlator, engraved by Edwin.—S. F. BRADFORD—*Philadelphia.*

"This work is printed on a ſuperfine yellow wove hot preſſed royal paper, of American manufacture, and is, perhaps, as elegant a ſpecimen of American typography, as has appeared in this country."

The Farmer's Boy, a rural poem, by ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.—G. F. Hopkins—*New-York.*

This edition of the Farmer's Boy, which is copied from the ſixth and laſt, that has been publiſhed in London, is conſiderably improved and corrected, and exceeds in neatneſs all the former editions of this country.

A Houſe to be Sold; a muſical drama.—D. LONGWORTH—*New-York.*

The Nightingale; a collection of the moſt popular ancient and modern Songs, ſet to muſic.—E. M. BLUNT—*Newburyport.*

The great importance of a Religious Life conſidered; by the late WM. MELMOTH, Eſq. of Lincoln's Inn; from the

twenty-third London Edition ; with prefatory obſervations on the credibility of the Chriſtian Religion ; and a few conciſe obſervations on prayer.—A. MARCH—*Newburyport.*

The Practical Uſes of Chriſtian Baptiſm, by ANDREW FULLER, D. D.—MANNING & LORING—*Boſton.*

Medical Admonitions to Families, reſpecting the preſervation of health, and the treatment of the ſick : Alſo a table of ſymptoms ſerving to point out the degree of danger, and to diſtinguiſh one diſeaſe from another : with obſervations on the improper indulgence of children, &c. By JAMES PARKINSON, M. D. 1 vol. 8vo.—J. HUMPHREYS—*Philadelphia.*

The Letters of Junius, with notes and illuſtrations, hiſtorical, political, biographical and critical, by ROBERT HERON, Eſq.—S. F. BRADFORD—*Philadelphia.*

This edition of Junius, by its correctneſs and elegance, adds much to the honour of American typography.

Firſt Volume of The American Merchant's Law. 8vo.—H. CARRITAT—*New-York.*

Broad Grins ; compriſing, with new additional Tales in Verſe, thoſe formerly publiſhed under the title of My Night-Gown and Slippers, by GEORGE COLMAN, the younger.—B. & J. Homans—*Boſton.*

The Maid of Briſtol, a drama in three acts, by J. BOADEN.—J. Conrad & Co.—*Philadelphia.*

The Adventures of Don Quixote, tranſlated by SMOLLET.—J. Conrad & Co.—*Philadelphia.*

This is the firſt edition of that univerſally admired romance, which has ever been printed in America.

It is not pretended that the preceding catalogue is perfectly complete, or deſtitute of errors. Thoſe Bookſellers, who engage in the buſineſs of publiſhing, are earneſtly ſolicited to forward to the office of the Monthly Anthology an account of the form and manner, together with the title and date of their publications. By this mean it may be hoped, that we ſhall be enabled to continue our *Monthly Regiſter,* with a ſtronger confidence in its correctneſs.

Proprietors of New Books, who incline to have them reviewed, are likewiſe informed, that by ſending a copy according to the above direction, their orders ſhall be duly and faithfully performed.

LITERARY ADVERTISEMENTS.

" IT will intereſt both the American bookſellers and the public, to appriſe them, that late in November laſt, a third volume of the *Life and Writings of William Cowper, Eſq.* conſiſting of his Original Letters, edited by William Hayley, was preparing for the London preſs."

J. Bioren & T. L. Plowman, of Philadelphia, are about to publiſh by ſubſcription, *The Hiſtory of the Wars, which aroſe out of the French Revolution ; to which is prefixed a Review of the Cauſes of that Event.* By Alexander Stevens, of the Hon. Society of the Middle Temple, Eſq.

" Mr. Thomas Dobſon, of Philadelphia, has in the preſs the *Abbe Clavigero's Hiſtory of Mexico.* This uſeful, accurate and elegant work, is derived both from Mexican and Spaniſh documents, and from the ancient hieroglyphics of the Indians. It is illuſtrated by Charts, and ornamented with engravings, and to the whole are appended critical diſſertations on the land, the animals and the inhabitants of Mexico.

" This work is to be elegantly printed, and the plates are to be engraved in a beautiful ſtyle, by Lawſon, an artiſt of celebrity."

Meſſrs. Birch & Small, of Philadelphia, are publiſhing by ſubſcription, *Gibbon's Hiſtory of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire ; together with Memoirs of the Life and Writings of the Author.* This edition is to be elegantly printed from the laſt publiſhed in London, and will be compriſed in 8 volumes, 8vo. It will be enriched with two whole ſheet Maps—one of the Eaſtern, the other of the Weſtern part of the Roman Empire—A Map of the parts of Europe and Aſia adjacent to Conſtantinople, and an elegantly engraved Head of the Author.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES.

" MEN ought," ſays Dr. Johnſon, " to be ſerious over the grave." But long before the Doctor had uttered this grave doctrine, he, who could make himſelf merry among the Tombs, was generally accounted an odd fellow. Nevertheleſs, he muſt indeed be a very odd fellow, who could, either before, or ſince the report of the Doctor's Canon, read the enſuing Epitaph without indulging a " Broad Grin."

INSCRIPTION* ON THE TOMB OF THEOPHILUS CAVE.

[*In the Chancel of the Church of Barrow, on Soar.*]

"HERE in this GRAVE, there lies a CAVE:
We call a CAVE a GRAVE:
If CAVE be GRAVE, and GRAVE be CAVE,
Then, reader, judge I crave,
Whether doth CAVE here lie in GRAVE,
Or GRAVE here lie in CAVE.
If GRAVE in CAVE here bury'd lie,
Then, GRAVE, where is thy victory?
Go, reader, and report here lies a CAVE,
Who conquers death, and buries his own GRAVE."

THAT a muſeum, well furniſhed with natural curioſities, ſtatues and paintings, is a deſirable inſtitution in every metropolis, will be readily acknowledged by all, whoſe minds have been liberalized by learning, or humanized by taſte. Biography affords many inſtances, wherein artiſts of renown have had their dormant genius firſt kindled with emulation for rivalſhip and excellence, on their admiſſion to ſuch repoſitories. Beſide the advantages, that a young ſculptor, or painter may there derive from his opportunity of viewing a variety of models, the amateurs of the *curious* and *wonderful* in art and nature, may enjoy an innocent, if not an improving gratification. In a country, however, like this, it cannot be expected, that an extenſive variety of proper materials can be *ſpeedily* and *eaſily* collected, eſpecially by an individual. But the mere beginning of a laudable and well-deviſed plan, that requires only the genial aid of patronage for conducting it to perfection, is by no means unworthy of reſpect. Since it is conſiſtent with the primary deſign of this publication to cheriſh all ſuch attempts, as may tend to the improvement of taſte, and facilitate the advancement of the arts, we willingly inſert the ſubſequent communication from an obliging correſpondent.

Sketch of the late and preſent COLUMBIAN MUSEUM, *Boſton.*

IN the year 1795, Mr. DANIEL BOWEN, with a ſpirit of enterpriſe and laudable intention, that reflects great honour on his character, *firſt* eſtabliſhed the COLUMBIAN MUSEUM, near the Mall. The brief collection with which it opened, was calculated to intereſt, and deſerve ſupport; and but few years had tranſpired, before its department of *Natural* Curioſities was increaſed to upwards of 100 of the moſt beautiful Birds, (preſerved natural as life) and its *menagerie*, with a great number of the moſt curious animals,

* Found in Nichols's Hiſtory of Leiceſterſhire.

that are found in Aſia, Africa, Europe and America. Upwards of 50 of the beſt finiſhed and accurate *Wax Figures* were alſo added; among which, were full length ſtatues of Gen. Waſhington, Lady and Family, J. Adams, Franklin, Stiles, Trenck, the Boſton, and other Beauties, and a great variety of Fanciful Figures. Its Hiſtorical, and other *Paintings*, were very numerous and ſuperb; among theſe, were America, allegorical; Canute the great, Beliſarius, Waſhington, Adams, Jefferſon, Hancock, Humphreys, Knox, Hamilton, Madiſon, Howe, Muhlenburg, &c.—the moſt intereſting Scenes from Shakeſpeare, &c. at full length—(many of theſe *Paintings* were valued at from 500 to 1000 dolls.) and an extenſive variety of other Likeneſſes, Views, &c. executed by the moſt eminent Aſiatic, European and American maſters. To theſe were alſo added a great and rich collection of *minerals* and *foſſils*; philoſophical and mechanical *apparatus*. In ſhort, a highly valuable, extenſive and intereſting variety of moſt all the various *Productions* of *Nature*, *Science* and *Art*, were to be found, arranged with great care and ſyſtem, in a large, and elegantly adapted Building, erected by the Proprietor for the accommodation and gratification of the public.

Such, in brief, was the COLUMBIAN MUSEUM—when, on the evening of the 15th Jan. 1803, it was deſtroyed by fire, occaſioned by accident.

If the *death* of a private friend, or a public benefactor, calls forth our ſorrow; if their worth was calculated to command our ſerious reflections, and to be held up monitory to ſociety—then the *loſs* of the late COLUMBIAN MUSEUM, in a connective view, called forth our grief, and our pity:—for not only as an important department of Arts and Sciences, but even as an intereſting Political, Moral, and Religious arcana, did it exiſt. It was calculated to amuſe, without diſguſting; to pleaſe, without ſatiating; to correct the errors of ignorance and ſuperſtition, without offending; to obliterate malice and revenge, without inſulting; to deſtroy vice and barbariſm, without violent compulſion—to rear up the tender ſhoots of genius and talent with aſſiduity, care, and gentleneſs; to dignify and immortalize the conceptions and works of matured knowledge and ability. *It held forth a* UNIVERSAL MIRROR! *a miniature of the* WORKS *and* CONSEQUENCES *of* CREATION! We *looked*, and were *charmed* and *edified!*

What were our feelings, when we ſaw this "*work of merit and of years*," a prey to the tyrannic and deſtructive element, in one ſhort hour wholly obliterated! Vaniſhed, as by the hand of magic, "into air, thin air!" What were our ideas at that inglorious moment, when ſociety loſt one of the firſt reſorts of rationality and improvement! and when Mr. BOWEN, at that trying time, riſing ſuperior to ſelfiſhneſs, forgot his own great misfortune in his wiſhes and exertions to ſave his neighbours from the deſtruction he had ſuſtained!

From the *worth of the* MAN; and the *annihilation of his invaluable property*, a general grief was felt by all; univerſal was the hope, that he would not deſpair, and general were the efforts for affording him all the aſſiſtance, which friendſhip and eſteem could beſtow.

(To be continued.)